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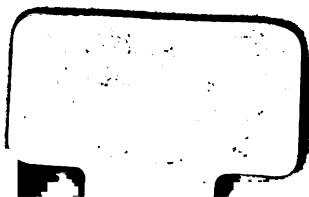
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22.

A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE.

A

CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE:

OR,

'TIS NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

BY

JOHN MILLS,

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN;"
"THE STAGE COACH, OR THE ROAD OF LIFE;" "THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE;"
"THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY;"
"THE OLD HALL, OR OUR HEARTH AND HOMESTEAD;"
"CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME;" "THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND;"
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A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE.

SCENE—*An elegantly-furnished Room.*

Enter TOM BRASS.

Tom. (Yawning.) I can't stand this much longer. A fashionable life doesn't suit me, and so I'll tell Sir Charles, before I'm quite a victim. Yes, that 's the word, a *victim* to all hours; late and early. Here, I am the ghost, the shadow, the nothing of what I was. When I first came from the country, it was a pleasure to look at myself, as I often did in the cook's copper stew-pans; but now, I hate the sight of my own face. *(Going to a glass over the chimney-piece.)* There 's an ugly rascal for ye! Who'd think these pale and whitewashed cheeks

B

were red and plump not six months since. My appetite's gone, too. I can't eat cold meat without pickles; and, once upon a time, I could bury (*patting his abdominal region*) a waxy tater without salt. As for sleep, I never get any, except what I snatch on the box of the brougham, and then it's at the risk of breaking my precious neck; for (*imitating the action*) I first nod this way, and then I nod that, and backwards and forwards I swing, in a way that makes me tremble to think of when awake. Oh! a fashionable life doesn't suit me at all.

Enter PETER.

Ah! Peter Perkins, what brings you here?

Peter. (Indignantly.) Come, Mr. Brass, you're too free by half, sir! Peter Perkins, indeed!

Tom. Well, young Buttons, and isn't that your name?

Peter. It might have been, sir, when I was a dirty, little, vulgar boy. (*Giving himself a swagger.*)

Tom. And what is it now, that you're a grubby, tall, vulgar hobbedyhoy?

Peter. (Clenching his fists and striding forwards.) I've a good mind to—(*Tom Brass places himself in a posture of defence, and Peter turns suddenly upon his heel*)—tell your master.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! my crowing bantam. Why, you're all gold and gammon.

Peter. (Haughtily.) I'm a hupper servant, sir; a lady's page. That's what *I* am.

Tom. (Good-naturedly.) Well, well! no offence: for old acquaintance sake, we musn't quarrel, Peter.

Peter. I tell you that my name is *not* Peter.

Tom. Then, what is it?

Peter. *Percy*, Mister Brass, is what my missis calls, and has me called.

Tom. With all my heart. (*Offering his hand.*) *Percy*, tip us your flipper.

Peter. I bear no malice—there it is. (*They shake hands cordially.*) I've brought a note for your master; but don't know what it's about.

Tom. That's uncommon strange, isn't it?

Peter. Not since they've taken to doubling them like cocked hats. I used to read 'em just as well as if they were open before; but can't make out a word now.

Tom. It spoils a great deal of fun.

Peter. Dreadfully so. We don't know, sometimes, what to talk about in the kitchen. Formerly, we knew as much about the family's secrets as they did; but now, stretch your eyes and ears as much as you will, nothing can be known, except by a guess from a message now and then, and a peep through the key-hole.

Tom. (Taking the note.) Do you wait for an answer?

Peter. Yes, and I'll do so at my ease. *(Throws himself in a lounging posture upon a sofa.)*

Tom. (Is leaving the room reading the address of the note aloud.) "Sir Charles Gaywing, Baronet, etceterar, etceterar, etceterar." *(Turns suddenly.)* Here comes Sir Charles.

(Sir Charles Gaywing enters, and Peter, springing from the sofa, makes a very low, and awkward bow.)

Tom. (Confused.) A—a—a—note for you, Sir Charles.

Sir C. (Languidly.) What are my engagements to-day, Thomas?

Tom. (Takes from his pocket a very

long and narrow slip of paper. Sir Charles opens the note, and, evidently pleased with the contents, writes a reply.)

Tom. (Reads.) Thirty minutes past eleven, A.M., St. George's, Hanover Square, to attend the marriage (*Sir Charles starts, but, after a momentary pause, continues writing*) of the Right Hon. the Marquis of Silverton. Ten minutes to twelve, a pigeon match with Mister Bang at the Red House. Quarter past, lay the foundation-stone of the new Lying-In Hospital. Fifteen minutes to one, Lady Humdrum's day-jew-na ar lar (*hesitates*) something; but what I don't know. Two, P.M., concert at the Queen's Theatre. Twenty minutes past, see the Leeds cobbler run a mile, hop a mile, jump ten hurdles, pick up a hundred eggs, and eat six pounds of fat bacon. Three, on Committee for the Promotion of the Fine Arts. Four, private view of Tom Thumb. Half-past, Tattersall's. Five, the Park. Twelve minutes to six, meet (the blank isn't filled up) in Kensington Gardens. Seven, dine at Lord Upturn's. Nine, the Opera. Half-past ten, Mrs. Fiddylee's rout. Twelve, Crockford's. One, A.M.—You've

forgotten, Sir Charles, to put down your engagement for one, A.M.

(Sir Charles gives a three-cornered note to Tom, who hands it to Peter.)

Peter. (Aside, and angrily.) Another cocked hat. *[Exit.]*

Sir C. I think you said that my first appointment was——

Tom. (Reads.) “Thirty minutes past eleven, A.M., St. George’s, Hanover Square, to attend the marriage of the Right Honorable, the Marquis of Silverton.

Sir C. Precisely so. What a fatiguing ceremony it is! I once attended a form of this kind, and had it not been for a remarkably cheerful “Amen,” now and then, I should have fallen asleep.

Tom. If it gave one a chance of a good doze, Sir Charles, I should like to go to a marriage every day. *(Turns aside, yawns, and gives himself a good shake.)*

Sir C. Give me my coat. *(Tom brings a coat, hat, gloves, and cane.)* Assist me, Thomas. *(Tom helps his master to disrobe, puts on his coat, drops on his knees to polish his patent boots, gives him his gloves and*

stick, and then stands some distance off to see the general effect.)

Sir C. Shall I do, Thomas?

Tom. For standing up, Sir Charles, you will; but don't run the risk of sitting down in them trowsers.

Sir C. No, no. The tailor perfectly understood my orders. I had no idea of sitting down.

A loud double knock without.

Sir C. (Starts.) How very distressing! Pray, Thomas, muffle that knocker, and be a little more considerate for my nerves. I shall be ruined in ether and ammonia.

Enter JAMES.

James. Lord Upturn. *[Exit.*

[Enter LORD UPTURN. TOM bows his lordship in, and retires.]

Sir C. (Advancing.) Ah, Upturn! how do?

Lord Up. (Shaking hands.) Never better in my life, my dear fellow. I feel that I could play leap-frog with the lamp-posts. *(Attempts to skip; but appears to suffer from a twinge of lameness.)*

Sir C. Your animal spirits are truly enviable. I suffer dreadfully from *ennui*.

Lord Up. *Ennui!* pooh! (*Blows the tips of his fingers.*) We young fellows should be as gay as larks. Blood warm—eh? Hearts like cork—eh? Muscles strong—eh? Fine! Immense! Prodigious!

Sir C. You wear remarkably well, Upturn.

Lord Up. (*Surprised.*) Wear! wear! my dear Gaywing!

Sir C. For your age, I mean.

Lord Up. Age, sky-blue heavens! How old do you take me for?

Sir C. Excuse me, Upturn, if I say “old enough to know better.”

Lord Up. (*Greatly pleased.*) Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Capital! Prodigious! Immense! They say so, do they? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir C. And well they may, gay dog as you are. Sly fellow too, eh? Ha, ha, ha!

Lord Up. Ha, ha, ha! (*Drops his voice.*) You’ve heard of the last affair I suppose?

Sir C. You have such a succession of affairs on hand, that it is impossible to say whether I have heard of the last or not.

Lord Up. Immense! Prodigious! Capi-

tal ! It's the club talk, my dear fellow, the club talk. They say that there's a *liaison* between me and that *blazé parvenu*, Mrs. Fiddylee. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir C. Ha, ha, ha ! You surprise me beyond my hopes.

Lord Up. But you haven't heard the best of it. It's amazing ! astonishing ! wonderful ! (*Dropping his voice.*) They say I make love to the mother for the sake of the daughter. Ha, ha, ha ! Isn't that famous ? (*Struts about.*)

(*Sir Charles starts at this announcement, and displays uneasiness and anger.*)

Sir C. (*Energetically.*) Damn it !

Lord Up. (*Jumps round.*) What's the matter ?

Sir C. (*Regaining his composure.*) My boot, Upturn, my boot pinched me.

Lord Up. Is that all ? (*Fanning himself with his handkerchief.*) You really, I may say, quite frightened me.

Sir C. And—and is this last affair generally talked of ?

Lord Up. The talk of the town, my dear fellow, the talk of the town.

† *Sir C.* It will doubtless soon form a subject for paragraphs in the newspapers.

Lord Up. In strict confidence, Gaywing, and to be frank with ye, I intend that it should. (*Struts about again.*)

Sir C. (Passionately.) Do you, my lord?

Lord Up. (Turns suddenly.) Eh! what! eh!

Sir C. (Recovering himself.) I merely said:—do you, my lord?

Lord Up. Yes; but the manner of saying it was ineffably strange. Surprising! Perplexing! Confusing!

Sir C. Pardon me; but these starts are constitutional, and my nerves are triflingly disarranged this morning. Do you go to Mrs. Fiddylee's rout to-night?

Lord Up. Of course I do. I go to increase my *eclat*, and Lady Upturn to add to her budget of *plaisanterie*.

Sir C. Her ladyship is singularly fortuitous in ridiculing her friends.

Lord Up. Immensely so. Prodigious! Fine! Capital! There is not one but that she laughs at, and the Fiddylees form an inexhaustible source of amusement to her.

Sir C. Did it ever occur to her ladyship that she gets laughed at in return?

Lord Up. (*Astonished.*) Dear me, Gaywing! what an improbable supposition.

Sir C. Excuse me if I differ. In my opinion there is nothing more likely, than that those who derive amusement from backbiting and ridiculing, meet with a just retribution, in becoming the objects of scorn and contempt to others.

Lord Up. By my honour, Gaywing, you're quite prosy. I'll go to the club and recite your homily. Ha, ha, ha! *Au revoir.* Immense! Prodigious! Capital! [*Exit.*]

Sir C. So. The talk of the town, eh? The subject of scandal, whispers, shrugs, sneers, and jests. Mary, poor Mary! ye little think of the meshes spread to snare and destroy the purity of your innocence and virtue. But what the deuce am I about? If it were but known—if but a hint were given that I loved you, as a man should only love, I should smart more from the sarcasm levelled at me, than from the stings of a swarm of hornets. It must *not* be known. Like many a wiser, and, perhaps, braver man, I could face anything better

than gibes and raillery. Mary, you're a sweet, pretty, loveable, accomplished girl; but I can't shut my eyes to the fact—and your loquacious mother takes infinite care that nobody else shall—that your father was a *grocer*; a dealer in plums. Great Heaven! there's no getting over it. The difficulty's insurmountable. I should have presents of tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, rice. Oh! it's more, much more than *I* could bear. We must part. That is to say, not exactly part, because we shall not meet. No; henceforth I'll be a stranger to her.

Enter TOM BRASS.

Tom. The carriage is at the door, Sir Charles. *[Exit.*

Sir C. Very well. And now let me hope to get through the labours of this day with patience and resignation. *[Exit.*

SCENE—*A room in Sidney Vere Smythe's house. Sidney Vere Smythe discovered at breakfast.*

Sidney V. S. (Reading a newspaper.)
How pleasant it is to see one's name in print.

(*Reads.*) "Among the *élite* and *distingué* we noticed Sidney Vere Smythe, Esquire. It is whispered in the *haut ton* that this *millionaire* will shortly lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of the house of B. Our fashionable readers will guess *la fiancée* by our adding that his Grace has lately had conferred upon him one of the highest honors of the crown." Ha, ha, ha! It will puzzle their fashionable readers, I'm thinking, for hang me if I know myself. No matter, it tends to increase one's lustre, and I flatter myself (*with a supercilious air*) that the gem's worth polishing. (*Swaggers.*) I'm a man of fashion. (*Musingly.*) Three years since I measured out riband by the yard, looked over a stiff white cravat, and bowed, and lied, and wheedled, and flattered for thirty pounds a year. A legacy of a few hundreds, some lucky specs in stocks and railway shares, and—I'm a man of fashion. Yes, they cringe to me, now, as I did to them from behind the counter, and with the same object—to suit their own interests. Mammās with marriageable daughters, younger sons for what they can borrow, diners out for what they

can eat, all, great and small, whales and minnows, flock to sun themselves in the favours of Sidney Vere Smythe. Sidney Vere Smythe! Ha, ha, ha! *John Smith* it stands in the parish register; but John Smith would never do for a man of fashion. (*Swaggers.*)

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Are you at home, sir?

Sidney V. S. No, not this morning. (*William is leaving.*) Upon second thoughts, I am at home. Has any one called?

William. Mr. Allsop's cab is at the door, sir.

Sidney V. S. Shew him in.

[*Exit WILLIAM.*

Sidney V. S. Now comes the head of the family of the Spunges. I wonder what he wants to-day.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. The Honorable Mister George Allsop. [*Exit.*

Enter ALLSOP.

Sidney V. S. My dear Allsop, I'm re-

joiced to see ye. (*Offers the tip of two fingers. Allsop takes them between a finger and thumb and drops them.*)

Allsop. (*With a stiff, formal air, and automaton voice.*) The rejoicing is reciprocal, Smythe—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. Be seated. (*Offers a chair. They both sit.*)

Allsop. Dreadfully slow, last night.

Sidney V. S. (*In a drawling tone.*) Ye—es. Always is at that ancient frump's parties.

Allsop. Miss Fiddylee, though, looked tollolish—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. (*Doubtfully.*) Umph! Ye—es, I think she *did* look tollolish.

Allsop. Don't be a hypocrite, Smythe. If there is anything on earth I detest more than another, it is hypocrisy—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. (*Smirking, and pretending not to understand.*) I'm really at a loss to guess at your conjecture.

Allsop. Nonsense. You're in love with her.

Sidney V. S. In love with *her*! In love with Mary Fiddylee!

Allsop. A mistake! A mistake—By my

honor! Of course I meant with her fortune!

Sidney V. S. A distinction, with a material difference. Ye—es! I should like to marry a hundred thousand pounds.

Allsop. You appear in a fair way to accomplish your wishes.

Sidney V. S. My attack on the mother is unequivocally promising.

Allsop. Which is ever the first step to carry the daughter by storm. But why pay so much attention to that scandal-loving, censorious, Janus-faced creature, Lady Upturn? I really thought—he, he, he!—I really thought—he, he, he!—But it's really too ridiculous to say what I thought—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. Be generous, and let me participate in the joke.

Allsop. You know my weak point, Smythe. Appeal to my generosity, and resistance is futile. I thought, then—he, he, he!—that Upturn looked *jealous* last night. By my honor.

Sidney V. S. (*Rising, and arranging his cravat.*) The same idea struck me. It did, indeed.

Allsop. No wonder. Your gallantry was so pointed that it created quite a sensation.

Sidney V. S. (*Greatly pleased.*) To be candid with ye, Allsop, such was my design. (*Swaggers and struts.*)

Allsop. Gaywing, too, seemed uneasy.

Sidney V. S. (*Stops suddenly.*) At what?

Allsop. I think he's smitten.

Sidney V. S. Gaywing's smitten? You electrify me!

Allsop. Thought I should—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. But who—who could have netted the lion of the *haut ton*?

Allsop. (*Giving him a slap on the shoulder.*) Can't you conjecture?

Sidney V. S. No! as I hope to marry a hundred thousand pounds.

Allsop. The devil you can't! What say you to Mary Fiddylee's being the bird-lime?

Sidney V. S. Pshah! Sir Charles Gaywing love a *grocer's* daughter! We shall hear of the peacocks shewing their tails to the jenny wrens.

Allsop. Perhaps so. At any rate, he felt miserable at your politeness to her last evening.

Sidney V. S. You're not serious, Allsop?

Allsop. Serious as a dun—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. (Swaggering.) The deuce you are. I'm amazed!

Allsop. And yet I don't see why you should be.

Sidney V. S. What, not surprised at being a rival of Sir Charles Gaywing?

Allsop. No, he's so *blazé*; so used up; so, as a tailor might say, threadbare, that no woman cares a straw for either his compliments or attentions.

Sidney V. S. Then how is it they're so valued? The moment he enters a room there's a sort of a shade and damp cast upon every other man in it.

Allsop. It's a mannerism, a way he's got, I admit! but Gaywing's been too long about town to regard any woman more than as the plaything of the hour.

Sidney V. S. And you think I stood in the way of his plaything?

Allsop. Certain: quite—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. Egad! but I like this. Upturn and Gaywing (*struts*); hit 'em both, right and left.

Allsop. You're a killing man, Smythe, you are—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. (*Flattered, and yet pretending not to be so.*) Nay, nay, Allsop, don't be severe upon me.

Allsop. Severe! (*Takes Sidney Vere Smythe's hand.*) I'm too considerate, too sensitive to utter a severe word even to my creditors. If I have to say, "No, call again to-morrow," they can't complain of the form or the manner in which it is delivered. Notwithstanding, however, my intense sensitiveness, I'm about saying a very cutting thing to you, Smythe. (*Wrings his hand.*)

Sidney V. S. (*Surprised.*) To me?

Allsop. Yes—By my honor.

Sidney V. S. A cutting thing to me?

Allsop. By asking for a loan of a trifling five hundred. Nothing can be more *cutting*, I should say.

Sidney V. S. Certainly not. Borrowed money soon thaws the bonds of friendship; but it need not in our case. (*Takes the money from a pocket-book and gives it to Allsop.*)

Allsop. Let me add, that long since it would have melted, and resolved itself into

water, had there been the remotest possibility of such a result. Accept my thanks.

Sidney V. S. What are our diversions to-night?

Allsop. Have not you an invitation to Arlington-house?

Sidney V. S. No.

Allsop. They're amazingly select; but you'll go with me.

Sidney V. S. I shall be delighted. We shall meet a good set there.

Allsop. The best, my dear Smythe; the unmingled, and the best. (*Going.*) I'll call for ye in my way, and until we meet, endeavour to preserve yourself from injury, danger, and temptation. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Sidney V. S. (*Waving his hand.*) Adieu, adieu. There goes one of my steps on which I climb. He uses me and I use him. It's a matter of so much for so much. Ha, ha! and it shall go hard but Sidney Vere Smythe gets the best of the bargain. (*Cunningly.*) I should like to marry a hundred thousand pounds. [*Exit.*

SCENE—*A room in Lord Upturn's house.*

LORD and LADY UPTURN *discovered sitting.*

Lord Up. Immense! Prodigious! Capital! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Up. I'm quite certain that I'm right.

Lord Up. You're too severe; you are, indeed. Monstrous! Immense! Prodigious.

Lady Up. It was too self-evident to be mistaken. He followed her wherever she went, and his eyes flashed upon John Smith.

Lord Up. (*Interrupting.*) John Smith! Ha, ha, ha! Severest thing I ever heard. Excellent! Famous! Wonderful!

Lady Up. Oh, my dear! all these *Smythes* are *Smiths*.

Lord Up. Amazingly cutting. Immense! Prodigious!

Lady Up. I suspected Sir Charles's tender attraction a long time since; but now I am positive.

Lord Up. (*Rising and with a lounge.*) Well! I ought, I really ought to have done so; but we young fellows are so confiding and unsuspecting. Now I come to think of

it, he was strangely singular in his manner upon my mentioning her propensity to flirt with—(*Hesitates.*)

Lady Up. Whom, my dear?

Lord Up. (*Aside.*) What a confiding nature mine is! I was almost letting the cat out of the bag. (*Aloud.*) Whom, my love? oh! everybody, of course, everybody.

Lady Up. (*Laughing.*) It's the most amusing affair I ever met with. Sir Charles Gaywing, the lion of the *haut ton*, the great catch for scheming mothers, the observed of all observers—to be netted by (*mimicking*) a smiling, blushing, lackadaisical *grocer's* daughter.

Lord Up. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Severe, very. Immense! Prodigious!

Lady Up. I'll order the carriage and make a round of calls this morning, to spread the astounding intelligence.

Lord Up. Do, pray do. Ha, ha, ha! How Gaywing will be roasted! Famous! Excellent! Ca-a-pital!

Lady Up. We must devise some means for a scene between them. I love a scene and I'm sure he's jealous.

Lord Up. So am I. Positive—quite.

Lady Up. I can scarcely trust you, Edward. (*Playfully.*) You are such a wild, harum-scarum fellow.

Lord Up. (*Greatly pleased.*) Immense! Prodigious! Famous!

Lady Up. But supposing I was to consent to your making love to Miss Barley-sugar, would you promise not to be a naughty boy?

Lord Up. Upon my honor. You know my honor, duck. You can always trust to *that*.

Lady Up. Well then! be unusually attentive to Miss Tea-and-coffee to-night, and leave the rest to me, I'll complete the plan for a famous scene.

Lord Up. Take care that the effect is favourable for me. I'm immensely particular, as you know. Club talk, and so on.

Lady Up. Rely upon my discretion. And now for the delightful amusement of a morning's small talk. *Bon jour, mi Lord.*

[*Exit.*

Lord Up. *Bon jour, ma chere femme.* Delightful woman Lady Upturn is. She's not a single acquaintance but she laughs at. Full of fun. Turns them all to ridicule. Strange that her wishes should unite with

my own. Very liberal of her. Always was remarkably generous in such matters. Immense! Prodigious! Capital!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Charles Gaywing, my Lord.

Enter SIR CHARLES GAYWING.

[Exit SERVANT.]

Lord Up. Strange enough, Gaywing—was just thinking of ye.

Sir C. (Shaking hands.) You couldn't be thinking, Upturn, of a more ill-used mortal.

Lord Up. Ill-used? Prodigious! Who the deuce has the impudence to ill-use ye?

Sir C. We may venture to return but one answer to that question—our friends.

Lord Up. Cutting—very. Immense!

Sir C. If it weren't for my friends I should not have a single enemy on earth.

Lord Up. Pray explain. Enormously puzzling.

Sir C. Excess of kindness becomes refined cruelty. I really cannot bear their burthen, and begin to feel myself sinking under the weight.

Lord Up. Amazingly wonderful! Never heard of a man before suffering from kindness.

Sir C. The position's singular, but not the less painful on that account. Would you believe it, Upturn, that in addition to the labour of the unintermitting pleasures thrust upon me, I am now required to become a sort of animated repository for delicate secrets.

Lord Up. Complimentary though, very!

Sir C. I regard the trust as such, I assure you, Upturn; but am resolved that you shall share the duties and the honor.

Lord Up. Prodigiously pleasant! Am fond of secrets, Club-talk, and so on.

Sir C. By way of a beginning, then, Vere Smythe told me this morning that he was in love with your wife.

Lord Up. Eh? What! My wife! Lady Upturn! Matilda! Immense! Prodigious! Shocking! (*Walks hurriedly about.*)

Sir C. What's the matter, Upturn? You look ruffled.

Lord Up. Ruffled! I'll—I'll shoot him.

D

Sir C. Really, Upturn, you'll cause me to suspect that you're annoyed.

Lord Up. Annoyed! D—n me, Sir Charles, I'm blistered.

Sir C. Are you serious, or is it only a joke?

Lord Up. Joke! A man to be in love with my wife a joke?

Sir C. You seemed to consider being in love with other men's wives a joke.

Lord Up. That's a very different thing: very different. Immensely so.

Sir C. The cases are not similar, I confess.

Lord Up. And did the rascal presume to insinuate that he had met with encouragement.

Sir C. Decidedly so.

Lord Up. (*Passionately.*) It will be the talk of the Club; the talk of the town. I shall go mad. (*Walks to and fro.*)

Sir C. (*In a collected tone.*) You excite my suspicions of being jealous, Upturn.

Lord Up. (*Checking his anger.*) No, no, Gaywing. No, no. I could not so far forget myself as to be jealous. A man in

my position is never jealous. But I must silence this upstart. How shall I do it?

Sir C. As you say—shoot him.

Lord Up. Immensely effective. I will.

Sir C. (Aside.) This is turning the tables. *(Aloud.)* You'd better judge for yourself whether he merits the distinction. There's nothing so conclusive as being one's own witness in such matters.

Lord Up. But monstrous unsatisfactory. Amazingly so!

Enter LADY UPTURN.

Sir C. Let me hope to see your ladyship as well as your looks indicate.

Lady Up. Thank you, Sir Charles, I am quite well.

Lord Up. (Flurried.) I thought, my dear, that you had gone for a round of calls.

Lady Up. Such was my intention; but I exercised the acknowledged and best privilege of my sex, by changing my mind. But what is the matter, Edward? You appear nervous.

Sir C. (Assuming surprise.) Nervous! So he does. What is the matter Upturn?

Lord Up. Amazingly singular! what *should* be the matter?

Lady Up. (*Taking his hand.*) You tremble, Edward.

Sir C. Tremble! So he does. What is the matter, Upturn?

Lord Up. Prodigiously strange! Immensely so. Can't make it out.

Lady Up. A trifling disarrangement, perhaps, from continued late hours.

Sir C. No doubt, no doubt. You must deny society so much pleasure, Upturn, and be more chary of yourself.

Lord Up. (*Gradually worked up to a pitch of excitement.*) Choke society! [*Exit.*

(*Sir Charles and Lady Upturn look surprised.*)

Lady Up. I'm astonished, I never saw him in such a way before. Have you any idea of the cause of his disturbance?

Sir C. A remote one.

Lady Up. Oh, pray let me learn it, Sir Charles, I'm so very anxious.

Sir C. Conditionally that you maintain the secret.

Lady Up. An inviolable one.

Sir C. He has heard some silly scandal about your ladyship.

Lady Up. Scandal! scandal about me? Impossible.

Sir C. Your ladyship's surprised.

Lady Up. Surprised, Sir Charles, I'm—I'm *petrified*.

Sir C. Are you serious, or is it your ladyship's proverbial love of fun?

Lady Up. Fun! to be scandalized, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I have often heard your ladyship create great mirth in commenting on the faults and foibles of others.

Lady Up. That may be, Sir Charles. But—but—

Sir C. The fun becomes painful when we take our turn in being played upon.

Lady Up. But what could be said of *me*?

Sir C. Some imaginations are extremely fertile.

Lady Up. Have you heard anything *particular* of me, Sir Charles?

Sir C. (*Doubtfully.*) No, no; nothing particular.

Lady Up. Your manner tells me that you have.

Sir C. Pardon me, Lady Upturn, if I say there can be nothing *particular* in that which is *general*.

Lady Up. Am I then the—the—the general subject of wicked, illiberal, scan—scandalizing remarks?

Sir C. I must leave your ladyship to decide upon their merits.

Lady Up. (*Going.*) I'll seek his lordship. He shall shoot the perpetrators instantly.

Sir C. Such is his intention.

Lady Up. What! My Edward expose his life? Never. Excuse my abrupt departure, Sir Charles. (*In tears.*) Expose his life for me—his Matilda! Oh, never!
[*Exit.*]

Sir C. Come, this is fair retaliation for his lordship's boast and her ladyship's satire. Everybody twits me about turning Benedict, and I heard she expressed a belief that I should have a *plum* with my wife. I'll spur those who prick the deepest.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE.—*A room in Mrs. Fiddylee's house.*

MARY FIDDYLEE *discovered at the piano.*

MRS. FIDDYLEE *arranging a wreath of artificial flowers.*

(Mary strikes the chords and sings.)

Oh ! Lady raise thy voice in song,
And let the notes be gay ;
The shades of pleasure vanish'd long,
May mingle in thy lay.

Of bright and golden memory,
When youth was in its glow ;
And trusting hearts were light and free,
How many years ago !

When health was on thy blooming face,
And gladness on thy brow,
Where care, as yet, had left no trace,
How sadly alter'd now !

Then, Lady, raise thy voice in song,
Oh ! gaily sing to me,
And let the notes that float along,
Be notes of memory.

Mary. Are you arranging that wreath for me ?

Mrs. F. No, child, it's for myself.

Mary. For yourself ! Surely you cannot intend wearing it.

Mrs. F. Indeed I do! That elegant creature, Mister Vere Smythe, entreated me to do so, adding that nothing could set off my peculiar beauty to greater advantage than a low dress, short sleeves, and artificial flowers.

Mary. But you 'll not follow his advice?

Mrs. F. Strictly, my dear, even to the shades and colours.

Mary. And what were they?

Mrs. F. In the first place, he remarked that my complexion was such as to be capable of standing the test of colours annihilating to any other woman, and he would recommend a bright amber skirt, with a sky-blue body; sleeves of Brussels lace, looped with pearls; pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets; rose satin shoes, and (*simpers*) a wreath of summer blossoms.

Mary. Mamma, dear, you must be jesting.

Mrs. F. Jest! you 'll see at Mrs. Starchback's soirée to-night whether I jest or not.

Mary. Pray listen to me. (*Approaches Mrs. F. and places her arms affectionately round her.*) You are little acquainted with

the usages, dear mother, of the society in which we live. Flattery is the spring by which it is moved, the tone from every chord that's touched. (*Smiling.*) You must not think that a silly compliment is intended as it is spoken.

Mrs. F. (*Indignantly.*) Permit me to observe, Miss, that when young ladies take upon themselves to teach their mothers it's going a little too far.

Enter PETER, loaded with a bandbox and parcels.

Peter. Parcels, ma'am, from Missis, I mean Madam Frickers.

Mrs. F. I wish, Percy, you would be a little more particular with your French. Put the parcels on the table and send Jane to me.

Peter. (*Sulkily.*) She's not in, ma'am.

Mrs. F. The lady's maid not in. Where is she?

Peter. (*Sulkily.*) On the top o' the airy steps a talkin' and a laughin' with Sir Charles Gaywing's gentleman.

Mrs. F. Sir Charles Gaywing's gentleman, Percy! Whom do you mean?

Peter. His *wallet*, ma'am, is who I mean.
(*Clenches his fist, and makes a blow in the air.*)

Mrs. F. Say that I require her in my *boudoir* instantly.

Peter. Yes, ma'am. (*Aside.*) With something to boot. (*Gives a violent kick.*) [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Now, then, to try on the exquisite dress I have described. [*Exit.*

Mary. How shall I be able to prevent her from becoming the object of ridicule? If I disliked that vapourish upstart, Mister Vere Smythe, before, I now detest him. He must have intended to make my mother the butt for scoffs and jesting.

Enter JANE.

Jane. Oh, Miss! what do you think I have just heard?

Mary. It's impossible for me to say, Jane, for you are always hearing of some remarkable tale, report, accident, or adventure.

Jane. (*In a hasty tone.*) It's not my fault, Miss, if I am. Some people will talk, and it's well for other people that they do; otherwise how they would get through the

day *I* don't know. There was my grandmother for instance, ——.

Mary. Stay, stay. I can dispense with the story about your grandmother just now.

Jane. (*Sharply.*) Well, Miss! perhaps you'd like to hear something about Sir Charles Gaywing.

Mary. (*Anxiously.*) Sir Charles Gaywing! What of him?

Jane. I thought you'd like to hear about him, Miss.

Mary. Yes, yes, I should, indeed. Tell me quickly.

Jane. (*In a slow, deliberate tone.*) I never could speak in a hurry, Miss.

Mary. (*Pourtraying deep interest.*) Do not, pray do not torture me on such a subject, Jane.

Jane. (*Good naturedly.*) I won't, Miss; that I won't. Well, Miss! I and Mister Brass—(Mister Thomas Brass, Sir Charles Gaywing's gentleman, Miss)—had a little promiscus conversation just now. And among other nice and pleasant things—(he has a most agreeable way with him, has Mister Brass)—he said, says he, Miss Jane Chatterton—he always calls me *Miss Jan*

Chatterton)—Miss Jane Chatterton, said he, we 're a-going to travel. *We 're a-going to travel!* said I, who are *we*? In course, says he, Master and I. Lor'! says I, where are you going? To Rome, says he, to see the Rumuns. Gracious! says I, who are they? Miss Jane Chatterton, says he again, I 'm up to a dodge or two; but the Rumuns is a chalk above my knowledge.

Mary. To Rome!

Jane. That was the name of the town, Miss.

Mary. Did he say when they start?

Jane. The day after to-morrow, Miss.

Mary. So soon? (*Is agitated. A bell rings violently.*)

Jane. There 's my missis's bell. (*Seizes the bandbox and parcels.*) [*Exit in haste.*]

Mary. This must be a sudden resolve, or he would have mentioned it to me. And yet why should he? I have no reason to suppose that I possess a deep interest in his consideration. (*Musingly.*) And still, at times, he looks so kind, and speaks so soft and low, that I would fain hope to do so. At others, it is true, his gaze is cold and haughty, and he seems scarcely to remember

that I'm even present. Oh! how little is known of what woman suffers when she loves, and doubts, and hopes, and fears. (*A loud double knock from without.*)

Enter PETER.

Peter. Sir Charles Gaywing. (*Mary tarts, but recovers herself.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES.

[*Exit* PETER.]

Sir C. Let me be gratified with the assurance that Miss Fiddylee is quite well this morning.

Mary. Thank you, Sir Charles, quite—quite well.

Sir C. I can scarcely hope that you'll be surprised when you learn the object of my visit.

Mary. (*Laughing.*) Are you then fond of creating surprise?

Sir C. It's a weakness; but I admit that I enjoy creating a sensation.

Mary. Let me learn whether the present cause be sufficient.

Sir C. I'm about taking of the gay world that which some of my dearest friends might take of me without much grief—a long adieu.

E

Mary. And in the height of the season, Sir Charles!

Sir C. Yes, even in its zenith.

Mary. The sensation will indeed be great.

Sir C. I flatter myself that it will. Already a thousand reasons are assigned for my departure. Among others, that I cannot meet my turf engagements; railway speculations; provisional committee responsibilities; delicate case for the gentlemen of the long robe; losses at hazard; breach of promise; affair of honor; want of credit; blighted affection; love of travel; in short, no possible motive left unaccounted for but the right.

Mary. And that is—

Sir C. Yourself.

Mary. Me, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I cannot resist the weakness of causing astonishment.

Mary. But you're jesting?

Sir C. Never more serious in my life.

Mary. Pray explain.

Sir C. The demand is imperative. (*Takes her hand.*) I have no doubt but that it is another constitutional weakness, to yield to

the temptation of declaring my love for you, Miss Fiddylee, at the moment I 'm about taking my leave for long and, perhaps, for ever.

(Mary turns away and endeavours to withdraw her hand.)

Sir C. Nay, nay. Give me your patience. I ask for no admission of my suit—no response to my feelings. If I could hope for a favourable consideration, there are insurmountable obstacles to prevent my pressing for it even for one inoment.

Mary. *(Confused.)* May I—may I ask, Sir Charles, the object of these remarks?

Sir C. *(Aside.)* Terribly perplexing question. *(Aloud.)* As I before remarked, I can only account for it as being one of my many constitutional weaknesses. But I could not resist the enticing pleasure of permitting my heart to “prompt my tongue to speak.”

Mary. *(In confusion.)* I—really—know not—how to answer you, Sir Charles.

Sir C. *(Aside.)* I've gone too far. Remarkably hot I feel! *(Aloud.)* Perchance it would be easier to say nothing. I often find it so, when at a loss for words.

Mary. You must permit me to retire.

(*Going. Sir Charles stops her.*)

Sir C. But not thus. (*Leading her back.*)

(*Aside.*) How pretty and interesting she looks. (*Aloud.*) In taking farewell, Miss Fiddylee——

Mary. (*Interrupting.*) But you've not said *why* you must leave.

Sir C. (*Aside.*) I'm in a terrible labyrinth. How devilish hot I'm getting! (*Aloud.*) I sincerely wish there was no *why*; but the fates decree otherwise. I must go, (*Aside*) although I feel a singular reluctance to stir.

Mary. Cannot you postpone your departure?

Sir C. (*Aside.*) What a dear little unaffected soul she is. (*Aloud.*) Why, I certainly could.

Mary. Then pray do; if only for a little while, Sir Charles.

Sir C. (*Aside.*) Who *could* resist? (*Aloud.*) Would my staying please you?

Mary. Indeed it would.

Sir C. (*Aside*) I shall drop on my knees directly. (*Aloud.*) Then I *will* in spite of every plan and resolution. (*Takes both her hands and shakes them warmly.*)

Enter MRS. FIDDYLEE looking at her dress. Sir Charles is amazed at her grotesque appearance. Mary clasps her hands and turns away.

Mrs. F. There, my dear, doesn't it look beautiful? Oh! Sir Charles, a thousand pardons. (*Curtsyng.*)

Sir C. (Bows. Aside.) What a dreadful image!

Mrs. F. You see me, Sir Charles, in a dress not exactly suited for the morning.

Sir C. I imagine that impenetrable darkness would set it off to much greater advantage.

Mrs. F. It was designed for the night, Sir Charles—a ball dress.

Sir C. (Aside.) The woman's enough to give one a fit of the ague. (*Shuddering.*)

Mary. (Aside.) A lucky thought. (*Aloud.*) Your taste, Sir Charles, is so unquestionable that I shall feel greatly obliged by your giving me your opinion on mamma's new dress.

Sir C. (Aside.) Dress! Ugh!

Mrs. F. (Turning her head aside.) Don't flatter me, I beg.

Sir C. (Significantly.) That I'll not, Madam. (*Walks round Mrs. Fiddylee and examines her dress with ill-concealed disapprobation.*)

Mary. My reason for asking you, Sir Charles, is that mamma and myself occasionally differ upon the subject of dress.

Sir C. Persons of the most refined taste frequently do. (*Addressing Mrs Fiddylee.*) But, Madam, you are no artist, or you would remember that blue and yellow are not colours to blend together with that pearly softness, delicacy of shade, and transparency of touch which ever accompanies the purest taste in high art. There is also a want of tone between the shoes and the flowers.

Mrs. F. Then you think, Sir Charles—

Sir C. That if you were to subdue yourself, and soften the dazzling brilliancy of the general effect, a very great improvement would be the result.

Mrs. F. Many thanks, Sir Charles. Mary, my dear, I will leave the softening of the dazzling brilliancy to you. (*Curtsy-ing.*) Sir Charles—as my late husband used to say in his bills of parcels—your most obedient and very humble servant to command. [*Exit.*

Sir C. (*With a long drawn sigh.*) Oh!

Mary. How can I sufficiently thank you?

Sir C. I will anticipate more than enough in your silence. (*Aside.*) I never had such a damper in my life.

Mary. Mamma is so—so unsophisticated, Sir Charles,

Sir C. Sinfully so—sinfully unsophisticated.

Mary. I wish she had not entered that society for which she is so unfitted.

Sir C. Wealth, my dear Miss Fiddylee, is an introduction to all of the noblest ranks of life, and where gold is the key, believe me that it is as worthy of the lock as the lock is the key.

Mary. With few exceptions, however, I am sure, if you knew her well, that you'd think her good traits far exceed her objectionable ones.

Sir C. I do—I will think so. But what am I doing? The day's nearly gone, and I've a string of engagements, and more calls to make than a general postman. *Bon jour.* (*Shakes hands.*) We shall meet again before my departure.

Mary. That 's a promise.

Sir C. Which shall be kept with unbroken faith. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*]

Mary. Thank heaven! I have still hope.

SCENE—*A room in Sir Charles Gaywing's house. Large trunks and portmanteaus scattered about. A table with writing materials upon it.*

Enter TOM BRASS.

Tom. This won't do at any price. Double my wages and three times my perquisites wouldn't pay me. Yesterday I had orders to pack master's wardrobe, and get myself ready at a moment's notice to go and see the Rumuns. I went to work more like a navvi than a gentleman's gentleman—put up the traps—made a round of calls—said good bye to Jane. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Superior gal that—quite a *hupper* hupper servant. And now, not a minute since, Sir Charles said in his cool, oily way:—(*Imitating him.*) Thomas, I've changed my mind. We don't leave town. Unpack the linen. (*Looking at the trunks.*) It's easy enough to say unpack the linen; but there's

a good honest day's hard work, and if I hate one thing more than another, it is hard work.

Enter PETER in a gloomy manner.

Tom. What Percy Peter, or Peter Perkins, or Percy Perkins Peter, or whatever your name may be, what makes you look as if you'd lost a shilling and found a button?

Peter. (Indignantly.) If I was one of your size, Mister Brass, you'd have an answer (*doubling his fist*) in a way that might spoil your beauty.

Tom. Pugnacious Percy. (*Slapping him on the back.*) But what's the matter? Have you lost your place?

Peter. (Bitterly.) Yes, Mister Thomas Brass, I have lost my place.

Tom. How?

Peter. (Passionately.) Through you, sir, through you.

Tom. Through me, young Percy?

Peter. Through you, sir, I lost my place in the affections of Miss Jane Chatterton. (*Slapping his forehead.*) Through you I'm dished.

Tom. Is that all?

Peter. All ! and isn't that enough ? (*Paces to and fro.*)

Tom. Yes, to make a Tom Noddy of yourself.

Peter. (*Stops.*) Tom Noddy ! (*Walks close up to Tom,*) Did you apply Tom Noddy to me, sir ?

Tom. (*Turning up the sleeves of his coat.*) Now I tell you what it is, my cock robin, I 'll cork up your ginger beer if you let it fly all froth and pop in this manner.

Peter. Oh, if I could but cork up yourn. (*Stamps with passion.*)

Tom. Cockadoodle doo.

Peter. You may crow, Mr. Brass, over a little 'un. It 's like you, sir, all over.

Tom. (*Threateningly.*) Cork up !

Peter. You'd be frightened of a big 'un.

Tom. Cork up !

Peter. You 'd turn as white as chalk.

Tom. Cork up !

Peter. You'd—ha, ha—run away. (*Tom gives him a push and makes him reel.*) Did you mean that ?

Tom. Yes, young Buttons, I did. And if you don't budge without saying another word, I shall mean something more.

Peter. (*In a great passion.*) I'll go and kick the cook. [*Exit.*

! *Tom.* And get well basted, I hope. (*A bell rings.*) There's Sir Charles's bell; but he may ring twice this morning. I'm not in a good humour. (*Puts his hands in his pockets, and begins whistling.*) I shall leave his service, marry Jane, and with her savings—for I have none of my own—go into the wegetable, coal, and potaterline. (*Bell rings again.*) I can then lie in bed as much as I please, go out when I like, and come in when I think proper. That's the life for me! (*Bell rings more violently.*) I wasn't made to be ordered. I hate answering bells, double knocks, going of errands, and all the up-stairs running, plate-wiping, knife-cleaning profession. (*Bell rings very loud.*) Go it; I'm coming. (*Walks leisurely.*)

Sir C. (*From within.*) Thomas.

Tom. (*Runs forward.*) Yes, Sir Charles.

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir C. What do you mean by not answering the bell?

Tom. The bell, Sir Charles! I've not heard it ring.

Sir C. Your ears are long enough too. Give me my letters.

(Tom runs to a side-table and brings a basketful of letters.)

Sir C. Are these all?

Tom. By this morning's post, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Fewer than usual. *(Breaking them open, glancing at their contents, and dropping them carelessly at his feet. Tom picks them up as they fall.)* I never read more than sufficient to learn the object of any letter, and the signature, coupled with the address, is generally quite enough. *(Reads.)* "*My dear Gaywing—Your attached friend Allsop.*" A loan of course. "*Sir Charles—Your obliged and humble servant, G. Cringe.*" A dun. "*Dear Charles,*" *faithfully, Adèle.*" A diamond necklace. "*Dear Gaywing—Yours, Upturn.*" Umph! This requires further solution. *(Resumes reading.)* *Prodigiously annoyed—determined to fight—affair in your hands—will call and arrange.*" *(A loud double knock is heard from without.)* Doubtless, that's him. See Thomas.

[Exit THOMAS.]

Sir C. I'm far from being disposed to

mix myself up with duels. Things of the kind have become so demn'd unpopular of late.

Enter THOMAS.

Tom. Lord Upturn.

Enter UPTURN.

[Exit THOMAS.]

Sir C. Glad to see you, Upturn. (*Shaking hands.*) Just received your note.

Lord Up. Capital! What do you think of it?

Sir C. (Carelessly.) Oh! it's a mere matter of taste and feeling. If you are wounded with Smythe's bragging —

Lord Up. *Wounded!* Immense! Prodigious! Terrible!

Sir C. Then shoot him.

Lord Up. I will. I'll—I'll riddle him through and through.

Sir C. If I am to be your second, Upturn, as this note infers, you must promise me *not* to riddle him through and through. You may leg or wing him; but I have a strong objection to inquests, and all that sort of thing.

F

Lord Up. Well, well ! I think it will be better. Besides, his arm in a sling, or a crutch and a stick will tell remarkably well for me. Club talk, and so on.

Sir C. Write the challenge then at once, and I'll be the bearer of it in the course of the morning.

(Lord Upturn goes to the table and begins writing.)

Enter THOMAS.

Tom. Mister Sydney Vere Smythe wishes to see you, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Strange enough.

Lord Up. Wonderfully odd ! Singular ! Immense ! Prodigious !

Sir C. It will be better taste for you to retire to the next room, Upturn. Shew him in. *[Exit THOMAS.]*

Lord Up. True, quite true. I'll go. *[Exit.]*

Enter THOMAS.

Tom. Mister Vere Smythe.

Enter SMYTHE.

[Exit THOMAS.]

Sir C. (Coldly.) Good morning, Mister Smythe.

Vere Smythe. (Obsequiously.) How do, Sir Charles? Hope, Sir Charles, you're quite well, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Yes, I thank you. Be seated.

Vere Smythe. Understand you're going to rusticate, Sir Charles.

Sir C. I've changed my mind; at least for the present.

Vere Smythe. Glad of it, Sir Charles. The world would stand still without you.

Sir C. You flatter me.

Vere Smythe. Very slow just now.

Sir C. Ye—es, it ever was slow, in my opinion. The slows, of all human afflictions, may be deemed the worst.

Vere Smythe. (Chuckling.) He! he! he! I think that I shall create a stir presently.

Sir C. It will be exceedingly charitable of you.

Vere Smythe. The sensation's began.

Sir C. May I learn the cause.

Vere Smythe. (In a confidential tone and manner.) Lady Upturn and myself. (*Lord Upturn pops his head suddenly from the partly closed door.*)

Sir C. (Aside.) Upturn deserves this.

(*Aloud.*) You mentioned that *affaires de cœur* before, I think.

Vere Smythe. But had no conception of its making such a *stir*.

Sir C. Is it, then, much talked about?

Vere Smythe. (*Conceitedly.*) The universal topic. (*Lord Upturn starts forward; but again retires.*)

Sir C. Are you aware that it has reached his lordship's ears?

Vere Smythe. (*Starts from his seat.*) No.

Sir C. It has.

Vere Smythe. (*Annoyed.*) How much too soon! I thought he'd be the last to hear of it. Husbands generally are.

Sir C. Yes; but there are exceptions to all rules. He was one of the first.

Vere Smythe. The deuce he was! I must be less attentive for a short time and throw him off his guard.

Sir C. Upturn's too experienced to be foiled in that way. He's had so many affairs of the kind on hand himself.

(*Lord Upturn fans himself with his handkerchief.*)

Vere Smythe. Yes, Sir Charles, his lordship has no right to complain.

Sir C. None whatever.

(Lord Upturn fans himself more quickly.)

Vere Smythe. If he should, I'll tell him what you say.

Sir C. He knows already.

(Lord Upturn shuts the door with a slam.

Vere Smythe turns quickly.)

Sir C. It's only the door.

Vere Smythe. Have you then, Sir Charles, had any discussion upon the subject?

Sir C. Oh dear no! A discussion operates upon me precisely as a parliamentary debate. It sends me to sleep.

Vere Smythe. I've not told you of the entire cause of the stir which is likely to take place.

Sir C. (With indifference.) Indeed—ha!

Vere Smythe. I'm going to be married.

Sir C. I condole with your misfortune.

Vere Smythe. To a hundred thousand pounds.

Sir C. Fair compensation.

Vere Smythe. Female young, tollolish, nice, and so forth.

Sir C. You surprise me. A hundred

thousand pounds is generally coupled with the old and tough.

Vere Smythe. But still there are objections.

Sir C. Detrimentials, eh?

Vere Smythe. Yes, Sir Charles. (*Sneers.*) Her blood is quite puddle—quite.

Sir C. Cut the father and deny her origin.

Vere Smythe. Her father's long since removed from the cares of life.

Sir C. That, at least cannot be classed amongst the detrimentials.

Vere Smythe. No; but the Vere Smythes have never disgraced themselves by connections with the mushroom classes.

Sir C. You can make the beginning.

Vere Smythe. It's an ungracious example; but I suppose I must.

Sir C. Do I know the hundred thousand pounds?

Vere Smythe. Oh yes, Sir Charles, oh yes!

Sir C. May I ask the identity of the hundred thousand pounds?

Vere Smythe. Miss Fiddylee, Sir Charles.

(*Sir Charles, in great amazement, stares at Vere Smythe, and is mute with as-*

tonishment. Lord Upturn peeps from the door and rubs his hands with glee.)

Vere Smythe. You look surprised, Sir Charles.

(Sir Charles paces up and down, and stops suddenly close to Vere Smythe, with an effort to conceal his anger.)

Sir C. Tell me, sir, have you any—any reason to suppose that you hold the high position in Miss Fiddylee's favour which your statement intimates?

Vere Smythe. Oh yes, Sir Charles. To be sure I have.

Sir C. What, sir?

Vere Smythe. The mother's consent.

Sir C. The mother's consent! But what of the daughter's?

Vere Smythe. That follows as a matter of course

Sir C. (Passionately.) No, sir, it does not. *(Emphatically.)* It does not follow as a matter of course.

Vere Smythe. (Nervously.) I—I—I—don't exactly understand you, Sir Charles Gaywing.

Sir C. Then, sir, you *shall* understand me. I mean, sir, that you're an upstart.

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles !

Sir C. I repeat, sir, an upstart, a coxcomb, and a puppy.

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles Gaywing !

Sir C. How dare you, sir, speak of Miss Fiddylee as a tollolish young female ?

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles !

Sir C. As a hundred thousand pounds !

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles Gaywing !

Sir C. A mere money bag !

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles !

Sir C. Puddle blood !

Vere Smythe. Sir Charles Gaywing !

Sir C. Mushroom class !

(Lord Upturn quits his hiding place as Sir Charles's anger increases, and stands between them.)

Lord Up. Amazing ! Immense ! Prodigious !

Sir C. I demand satisfaction, sir.

Vere Smythe. Pray, my lord—

Lord Up. (*Sharply.*) Don't appeal to me, sir ; I, too, demand satisfaction. Extraordinary ! Singular ! Wonderful !

Sir C. But mine must take precedence, Upturn ; it must indeed.

Lord Up. No, no, that's impossible.

Sir C. I insist upon it.

Lord Up. Prodigious! I don't understand the word *insist*, Sir Charles.

Vere Smythe. Let me explain, gentlemen.

Sir C. Certainly not, sir. And as to the objectionable term, my Lord, I repeat that I *insist*.

Lord Up. You must answer for it then, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Wherever and whenever you think proper, my Lord. And let me add, that if my inclination be studied, the *sooner* the better.

Vere Smythe. I—I—I—am at a loss what to do.

Sir C. Quit this house, sir, instantly, and that will relieve you of the difficulty. (*Points to the door and backs Vere Smythe out.*)

Lord Up. Perhaps the same order applies to me, Sir Charles?

Sir C. If you choose, my lord, so to to consider it.

Lord Up. Immense! Prodigious! Amazing! You'll hear from me, Sir Charles Gaywing, in the course of an hour. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. A quarter would suit me better.

Thomas. (*Rings the bell violently.*) Where is Thomas?

Enter THOMAS, quickly.

Tom. Sir Charles.

Sir C. Why did you not come before?

Tom. I came instant—

Sir C. Hold your tongue. Go to Bond's for my pistols, order the Brougham, and run to Captain O'Grady. Tell him I want him instantly. [*Going.*

Tom. If he shouldn't be in Sir Charles?

Sir C. If he shouldn't be in—confound it! tell him he *ought* to have been in. [*Exit.*

Tom. I won't stand this any longer. Go—order—run. It's all very well to order other people to go, order, and run; but hang me if I like *my* part of the profession.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*A room in Mrs. Fiddylee's house.*

Enter JANE.

Jane. Mister Brass said he would meet me half-an-hour ago. I've been waiting on the top of the airy steps, until my nose is as

blue as indigo. I wonder what can have kept him.

Enter PETER.

Peter. (Significantly.) I've been a watching of ye, Miss Jane Chatterton.

Jane. (With contempt.) And what care I, Master Percy Perkins, if you have?

Peter. Master! Ha, ha! come that's a good 'un—that is. I think you said *Master* Percy Perkins?

Jane. Yes, boy.

Peter. Boy! boy!

Jane. (Sneering.) How we little apples swim!

Peter. (In despair.) Oh, Miss Jane, you cut me to the core. Don't serve me so.

Jane. I'll have nothing to say to you.

Peter. But hear the something I have to say to you.

Jane. (Irritably.) Well! let it be short then.

Peter. (Dropping on his knees.) I love yer.

Enter TOM BRASS who lifts PETER from the ground by his ear.

Peter. (Roaring lustily.) Oh! oh! oh!

Jane. (Laughing.) Don't make such a noise, booby.

Tom. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Never heard such a row in all my life.

Peter. (Rubbing his ear.) I'll make you pay for this, Mister Brass.

Tom. I'm always ready to pay for my pleasures.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Peter. You may laugh, Miss Jane Chatterton. It's like yer to make game of your fellow creatures sufferins.

Tom. { Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
Jane. {

Peter. I won't stop any longer. I'll give my mistress notice this very morning. My heart (*sobbing*), my heart's like broken—broken crockery. I feel the pieces all a-grat-in' (*rubs his breast*) and chinkling together. (*Melodramatically.*) Will *he* (*pointing to Tom*) love yer as well as I? No. It aint possible. But when you are another's, Miss Jane Chatterton, think of—think of—(*Breaks into a flood of tears.*) [Exit.

Tom imitates Peter's crying.

Jane. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. Poor young Buttons! But my dear Jenny, I've such news for ye.

Jane. (Eagerly.) Oh pray tell me! I do love news so.

Tom. Give me a kiss first. (*Kisses her.*)

Jane. (Coquettishly.) For shame, Mister Brass.

Tom. We've been fighting a duel this morning.

Jane. We!

Tom. Master and I.

Jane. (Anxiously.) Lor' Tom, what had you to do with it?

Tom. I drove the Brougham.

Jane. Who did Sir Charles fight with? Tell me all—tell me quickly.

Tom. As you know we don't do things by halves in *our* establishment, we spanked the grey to Chalk-farm at daylight—can't bear getting up early. Captain O'Grady and another somebody measured twelve paces. Master took a barker—you know what a barker is?

Jane. No I don't.

Tom. A pistol. Lord Upturn took another, and then both off with their tiles in as polite and gentlemanly a way as I now

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take off mine. (*Lifts his hat.*) "Ready!" said Captain O'Grady—he's an Irishman—"Fire!" and pop, bang went the barkers.

Jane. Well?

Tom. I couldn't see for a little while for the smoke; but when it had puffed away, there was Lord Upturn a winged pigeon.

Jane. What do you mean?

Tom. Hit clean through the elbow.

Jane. Gracious me!

Tom. After breaking his arm, Sir Charles gave him his hand, and both were good friends again in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Jane. What did they quarrel about?

Tom. One said something which the other didn't like, and that which the other didn't like the one wouldn't say that he didn't mean to say it.

Jane. Sir Charles wasn't injured.

Tom. Not a feather touched.

Jane. Miss Mary will be so glad to hear that.

Tom. Stop a minute and you can tell her something more, which she'll be a little better pleased to hear.

Jane. Then go on; I feel as if pins and needles were running in all over me.

Tom. Just as this part of the business was comfortably settled, who should drive up in a snobbish one 'oss four-wheeler—called a fly, 'cause it blows the 'oss—but Mister Allsopp and Mister Smythe.

Jane. I and Miss Mary hate 'em both.

Tom. "Time to a second," said Captain O'Grady. I think I told you he's an Irishman.

Jane. Yes, yes, yes.

Tom. "Time to a second," said Captain O'Grady. As before—twelve strides, barkers for two. "Ready," said Captain O'Grady.

Jane. But who fought this time?

Tom. We and Mister Vere Smythe—at least it was intended we should. But listen. "Ready," said Captain O'Grady. Click, click went the triggers.

Jane. (*Putting her hand to her ears.*) Don't, Tom, don't. I think I hear 'em now.

Tom. Nonsense; they didn't go off. Click, click went the triggers, and down went Mister Vere Smythe as if he were shot.

Jane. And wasn't he?

Tom. I told ye that the barkers didn't go off. (*Imitating his master.*) "What is the matter?" said Sir Charles as cool as a cucumber. "Instead of being killed," said Captain O'Grady—I told ye before he was an Irishman—"Instead of being killed," said Captain O'Grady, "I think he's frightened to death."

Jane. And was he dead?

Tom. Not he; but all we could do we couldn't persuade him to stand up to be shot at. There he laid as stiff as cold iron.

Jane. What a coward!

Tom. I was a great mind, as he was down, to kick him myself.

Jane. Do you know what this quarrel was about?

Tom. Your young missis.

Jane. (*Astonished.*) No!

Tom. Yes.

Jane. You don't say so!

Tom. I do.

Jane. Lor'! How do you know?

Tom. Master and Captain O'Grady were talking together in the library in a sort of suspicious kind of way. I listened at the keyhole.

Jane. And what did they say?

Tom. Sir Charles said he wouldn't allow Miss Fiddylee to be spoken of as she had been by Mister Vere Smythe. That as she had no father or brother, he would be both to her.
(*Bell rings.*)

Jane. There's my bell; I can guess the rest. Oh! won't Miss Mary be pleased, that's all!
[*Going.*

Tom. Stop. Let 'em ring twice. I do.

Jane. No, no, I'm in too much haste to tell Miss Mary.

Tom. Remember our appointment.

[*Going.*

Jane. The airy steps.

Tom. The top one next the railings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A room in Lord Upturn's house.*

LORD and LADY UPTURN *discovered sitting. Lord Upturn's right arm in a sling.*

Lady Up. (*Tenderly.*) How do you feel now, Edward, dear?

Lord Up. Famous! Excellent! Capital!

Lady Up. I'll never forgive Sir Charles. Never!

Lord Up. Never forgive? Nonsense! Prodigious!

Lady Up. Supposing he had killed you, love?

Lord Up. Great sensation—another chance for you, duck—club talk, and so on.

Lady Up. Pray don't speak so lightly of such a terrible affair. You make me feel quite faint, Edward.

Lord Up. (*Rising and looking about.*) No one will see us, Matilda, give me a kiss, (*Salutes her.*) Immensely pleasant! Wouldn't have it known though, for my coronet.

Lady Up. If it were, we should be nicely laughed at.

Lord Up. Yes. Talk of the town. Awful! Terrible! Frightful!

Lady Up. I shall make a round of calls this morning, to receive the condolences upon your accident, Edward.

Lord Up. Be careful of the effect. Don't seem to care a straw about it.

Lady Up. I'll appear as indifferent as possible.

Lord Up. Amazingly so. Don't know whether it's my leg or my arm.

Lady Up. Delightful thought!

Lord Up. Say, when you're asked, that you'll inquire when you return home.

Lady Up. Rely upon my strict observance to your wishes. (*Going.*)

Lord Up. And you'll let them know by the earliest post.

Lady Up. Wouldn't it be better to say in a day or two?

Lord Up. True, quite true. Great amendment. Enormous! Famous! Capital!

Lady Up. (*Returning to arrange the cushions in the easy chair.*) Take great care of yourself, dear, until my return. There, now compose yourself for an hour. (*Assists him to sit down.*)

Lord Up. I say, Matilda, nobody will know anything about it—kiss me again, (*She kisses him.*)

Lady Up. I shall not be long. (*They kiss hands to each other.*)

[*Exit* LADY UPTURN.]

Lord Up. Delightful woman! Immensely difficult to prevent the world knowing that I love her. Terrible thing though if it were known. A man to love his wife! Plebeian! Vulgar! Shocking!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Charles Gaywing, my Lord.

Lord Up. Glad to see him.

Enter SIR CHARLES.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

Lord Up. How do, Gaywing?

Sir C. (Shaking hands.) As I hope to see you, Upturn, well as circumstances will permit.

Lord Up. Yes, yes, thank you, my dear fellow. In good force.

Sir C. How is the —? (*Points to the wounded arm.*)

Lord Up. (With great indifference.) Oh! getting on very well, I believe. The doctor said so at least.

Sir C. I called more especially for the purpose of suing for peace with Lady Upturn.

Lord Up. That's already done, Charming woman! Amazingly forgiving!

Sir C. Am I so fortunate? I must consider myself indebted to your intercession.

Lord Up. Any talk about the matter?

Sir C. (Irritated.) Confusion! yes. The talk of the town.

Lord Up. Glad to hear it. Particularly, especially glad. Prodigious!

Sir C. But there's not one word of truth in the thousand-and-one reports circulated.

Lord Up. Never is. Unreasonable to expect it. But what do the imaginative powers of the public invent?

Sir C. Among other absurdities, that you fainted on the ground, and when brought to, ran away.

Lord Up. (*Horrified.*) Fainted on the ground! Brought to! Ran away! Dreadful! Awful! Horrible!

Sir C. You have the consolation of knowing, however, that it isn't the truth.

Lord Up. The truth? What matter whether it's truth or not?

Sir C. It certainly signifies but little if believed.

Lord Up. And—and—is it believed that I fainted?

Sir C. So it's said.

Lord Up. (*Passionately.*) Damn me, I'll challenge them all, I'll challenge the world.

Sir C. Report is not less charitable to me.

Lord Up. What is said of you?

Sir C. That I begged Vere Smythe's pardon and thanked him for accepting the apology.

Lord Up. (*Endeavouring to conceal his mirth.*) I can't help it, Gaywing. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! It's too amusing. It is indeed. Prodigious!

Sir C. You did not discover the amusement, Upturn, when the slander referred exclusively to yourself.

Lord Up. (*Checked.*) Eh! why, no. The same entertainment is certainly not to be derived.

Sir C. It would be liberal to think of this when we are laughing at our friends.

Lord Up. So it would, Gaywing, so it would. Very proper. Immensely so.

Sir C. By the way, I intend setting a very strange example.

Lord Up. It is sure to be followed, however eccentric.

Sir C. I mean to laugh *with* my friends but never *at* them.

Lord Up. How very remarkable! Quite original. Never heard of such a thing before. Never.

Sir C. I also intend taking no heed of the world or its opinions; but be guided by my own judgment between right and wrong.

Lord Up. Excuse me, Gaywing, but as a friend—an old friend—let me say that if you persist in such a code you'll be dubbed a lunatic.

Sir C. As a proof of my sincerity, I'm resolved to get married.

Lord Up. (*Surprised.*) Married? Astounding! *Pro-digious!*

Sir C. And to whom do you think, Upturn?

Lord Up. You've made me dizzy. I can't think.

Sir C. Mary Fiddylee.

Lord Up. (*Amazed.*) What the grocer's daughter?

Sir C. Your remark reminds me that I forgot to add, calling persons and things by their proper names is another part of my precedent. Miss Fiddylee's father was a thrifty, industrious merchant. Why ridicule his calling with a designation of contempt.

Lord Up. Really, I can't say, Gaywing.

But the world, you know—society will be a little spiteful.

Sir C. And spiteful as it is little.

Lord Up. Immensely censorious! Amazingly so! But are you really serious in this determination?

Sir C. Perfectly. Within an hour I shall propose in form.

Lord Up. You need not dread a refusal.

Sir C. I flatter myself, no.

Lord Up. The young lady herself possesses many desirable qualities; but how can you—how can you, Gaywing, reconcile yourself to the mother?

Sir C. (*Feigning astonishment.*) I'm not going to marry the mother, Upturn.

Lord Up. No, no. I'm aware of that. But then the connection?

Sir C. The daughter is not responsible for the foibles and weaknesses of her parent.

Lord Up. Your powers of rhetoric are great. Immense! Prodigious!

Sir C. You flatter me.

Lord Up. By no means. I begin to think you're right.

Sir C. Generally or particularly?

Lord Up. Both; but more particularly

in caring less for the opinions and tittle-tattle of the world.

Sir C. No one would derive more satisfaction than yourself in the adoption of the sentiment.

Lord Up. Why do you think so, Gaywing?

Sir C. (*Significantly.*) Less anxious of club talk and so on. Love of Lady Upturn—

Lord Up. (*Starts*) What? eh? what?

Sir C. (*Deliberately.*) Your love of Lady Upturn need be no secret.

Lord Up. You're not serious, Gaywing?

Sir C. Never more so in my life.

Lord Up. What! do you suspect I love my wife?

Sir C. I've slight suspicions upon the subject.

Lord Up. Prodigious! Immense! Amazing!

Sir C. (*Bantering.*) Come, come, Upturn—you know you do.

Lord Up. Hush, my dear fellow, hush. Supposing any one should hear you.

Sir C. Ha, ha, Upturn! (*Taking his arm.*) You know you love your wife.

Lord Up. Pray be quiet, Gaywing; con-

H

sider my reputation. Club talk and so on.

Sir C. (Going.) Ha ha! you know you do. You know you love your wife.

Lord Up. (Expostulating.) My dear Gay-wing!

Sir C. I say you love your wife.

(Exeunt arm in arm, talking quickly.)

SCENE.—*A room in Mrs. Fiddylee's house.*

Enter MRS. and MISS FIDDYLEE.

Mrs. F. (Looking at a card in her hand.)
How very strange, my dear.

Mary. What is very strange, mamma?

Mrs. F. Mister Sidney Vere Smythe has just left his card with *P. P. C.* on it.

Mary. *Pour prendre congé.*

Mrs. F. Yes, yes; I know what *per prendre cungay* means, although not quite perfect in my French. But is it not singular that he should leave just at this moment?

Mary. I don't see anything to be surprised at, mamma. I suppose he studies his own inclination.

Mrs. F. (Significantly.) I thought, child,

there was somebody else's he would have considered.

Mary. Indeed!

Mrs. F. You appear ignorant of my meaning.

Mary. I am quite so.

Mrs. F. He consulted me about a union with yourself, and expressed a hope that he should have my consent.

Mary. He might have saved himself some trouble by first consulting me.

Mrs. F. You surely wouldn't have refused him?

Mary. Peremptorily!

Mrs. F. What, with all his money?

Mary. His money, mamma! Can money purchase refinement of mind and nobleness of heart?

Mrs. F. No, child, certainly not. But then it can buy jewels, lace, velvets, silks, satins, ribands, opera boxes, horses, carriages, and all the other common necessities of life.

Mary. We possess both the necessities and elegancies of life.

Mrs. F. But then you could have so many more.

Mary. But of what use is more than sufficient?

Mrs. F. I really can't say, my dear. But people generally consider that we never can have sufficient. Haven't you heard that enough is always a little more than we possess?

Mary. It may be so. I am, however, contented.

Mrs. F. It grieves me sadly to hear you say so, child, You should not give way to such feelings.

Mary. Why, mamma?

Mrs. F. Because it's so—it's so unfashionable to be contented.

Enter PETER with a small bundle in his hand and a large cotton umbrella under his arm.

Peter. (With a gloomy expression.) I've come to say, ma'am, that I'm going to go.

Mrs. F. Going! where is your month's warning, Percy?

Peter. In your pocket, ma'am. (Frantically.) Yes! I'll forfeit a month's wages rather than stop another hour.

Mary. Has any one wronged you?

Peter. Wronged me, Miss? (*Slapping his forehead.*) Oh! hasn't she?—that 's all.

Mrs. F. Who, Percy?

Peter. Jane, ma'am. Miss Jane Chatterton.

Mary. In what way?

Peter. (*Melodramatically.*) She's bruised my heart like a bent pewter pot.

Mrs. F. The boy's mad

Peter. If by the *boy*, ma'am, you mean *me* (*beating his breast*), I *am* mad.

Mary. You had better leave the room.

Peter. (*Energetically.*) The room, the house, the town, the country. Yes, I'll transport myself. I'll sail to distant lands; but before I go—(*a double knock is heard without*)—I'll answer the door. [*Exit.*

Mrs. F. Percy must be deranged.

Mary. The effect of a love quarrel, I think.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Sir Charles Gaywing.

Enter SIR CHARLES, bowing to both.

[*Exit PETER.*

Mrs. F. Let me hope to see you well, Sir Charles.

Sir C. (Shaking hands.) Thank you. Perfectly so.

Mary. We had heard to the contrary.

Sir C. Indeed.

Mrs. F. Yes, Sir Charles. This morning's paper announced that you had been shot through both ankles by Lord Upturn; but Mary sent immediately and learned——

Mary. (Interrupting.) The merit must not be transferred to me, mamma. It was you who sent to inquire.

Mrs. F. But at your suggestion, my dear.

Sir C. The kind and considerate interest was mutual, I perceive. Permit me to return my most grateful acknowledgments. (*Bows.*)

Mrs. F. (Abruptly.) What was the duel about, Sir Charles?

(*Sir Charles starts and looks amazed at the question.*)

Mary. (Aside to Mrs. F.) Pray do not ask such questions.

Sir C. (Recovering himself.) Oh! a mere bagatelle.

Mrs. F. Bagatelle? Oh yes, I understand!

A game of bagatelle. My husband, the late Mr. F., used to love a game of bagatelle wonderful.

Sir C. (Pourtraying great vexation. Aside.) This is worse than a dose of ipecacuanha.

Mary. (Aside.) Pray, mamma, don't speak another word upon the subject.

Mrs. F. (Indignantly.) Oh, Miss! if I'm not to speak—if I'm not to exercise a privilege of my sex in your presence, I'll leave it, Miss Fiddylee. (*Curtseys to Sir C. He bows.*) [*Exit.*]

Sir C. To see you for a few minutes alone was my paramount wish this morning.

Mary. (With trepidation.) Indeed, Sir Charles!

Sir C. (Taking her hand.) When we love, although the lips are silent, there's a language more eloquent than words. Pardon me, if I hope you may not have misunderstood the expression of mine.

Mary. (Confused.) I—I—I—know not what to say, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Once before, and when there appeared an insuperable obstacle to my suit,

I could not refrain from telling you that I loved you. Now that there is none, let me press for its approval.

Mary. If there were any, I'm not aware of their being removed.

Sir C. Because no party to them. They existed in my own weak cowardice only.

Mary. (*Smiling.*) Cowardice, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Yes; there's no term more fitting. A man who is afraid of facing mere shadows, but let's them turn him from his happiness, deserves the name of *coward*.

Mary. Your frankness, Sir Charles, merits a corresponding return on my part. I confess that I am acquainted with the obstacle you refer to.

Sir C. (*With surprise.*) To whom am I indebted for the information?

Mary. Lady Upturn repeated some remarks made by you to her husband, and from which I learned my birth was the objection to your offering me your hand.

Sir C. It was.

Mary. Then so it must remain.

Sir C. No.

Mary. Forgive me, Sir Charles, if I crave your patience.

Sir C. (Takes her hand.) I am more willing to listen than you are to speak.

Mary. You are nobly born, Sir Charles. I am lowly. From your distinction, society regards your steps and movements with a watchful eye, and it cannot be disguised but that you set immeasurable store upon its observations and opinions. An union with me might—and indeed must—entail invidious and jealous remarks, and therefore, in declining the offer of making me your wife, I am but consulting your happiness as well as my own respect.

Sir C. (Astonished.) Am I to understand then that you reject me?

Mary. Respectfully, but firmly, Sir Charles.

Sir C. (Bewildered.) My senses deceive me. I don't believe my ears. Reject me?

Mary. Restrain your surprise.

Sir C. (Vehemently.) Restrain my surprise, Miss Fiddylee! *I* who never before offered my hand, much less my heart. What will the world say?

Mary. It shall never be known, Sir Charles, through me.

Sir C. But it must be known. It can-

not be otherwise. I told Upturn that — but no matter what I told him. (*Walks hurriedly to and fro.*) I shall be sport for the million.

Mary. The thought of what the world will say seems to be the sole cause of your chagrin.

Sir C. (Reflectively.) True. I have not learned the lesson which I wished to teach.

Mary. May I hear what it was?

Sir C. To value the opinions of others only in accordance with their worth, and be as proof against ridicule, sneers, and censure, as I have been a slave to them.

Mary. Do you intend to adopt this rule?

Sir C. On my honour I do.

Mary. (Yielding.) If—if I were assured, Sir Charles—

Sir C. (With energy.) You may—you must be assured. I swear—

Mary. (Interrupting.) Nay, nay. I'll trust to your simple promise.

(*Gives Sir Charles her hand, which he clasps warmly.*)

Enter LORD and LADY UPTURN, MRS. FIDDYLEE, TOM BRASS, and JANE.

Lord Up. Prodigious! Immense! Capital!

Sir C. Upturn, congratulate me. Mrs. Fiddylee, let me hope that in presenting myself as your future son-in-law, that I shall meet with your generous consent.

Mrs. F. Son-in-law! Sir Charles Gaywing! Mary, my child, I faint! Evens! (*Staggers. Sir Charles catches her.*)

Sir C. Pray don't faint at this moment. Postpone it for an hour.

Mrs. F. (*Recovers. Curtsying to Sir Charles.*) Certainly, Sir Charles, as you wish it.

Lady Up. Permit me to offer my congratulations on this joyful occasion, and to express a hope that—that—that—

Lord Up. You may love each other after twenty years' marriage as well as we do. (*Taking Lady Upturn's hand.*) There! it's out Matilda; but what an effort! Prodigious!

Tom. I've just a word or two to say, Sir Charles. As we are going to get married, a

fashionable life won't suit us any longer. I must sleep in my bed now, and not on the carriage box.

Sir C. Well, Thomas, I suppose you've made your own arrangements for retirement?

Tom. In the coal and 'tater line, Sir Charles, and we hope to meet with your patronage.

Sir C. That you may depend upon. And as the rush points out the flow of waters, and straws the source of mighty winds, so, perchance, may grave lessons be gleaned from

A CAPFUL OF MOONSHINE.

FINIS.

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